

The Janesville Daily Gazette.

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All is not quiet on the Missouri.

Mr. Joseph Cook is still in India. What the people of that country have done that they should be afflicted with Joseph Cook so long is not known.

The Legislature has enacted a law making it a punishable offense by imprisonment for a father or husband to abandon his children or wife. The law is a good one, and should be enforced.

Potter's American Monthly for April will contain a very interesting article on the late President Garfield, and among the illustrations which will accompany the article will be superior engravings of General Garfield and Wife, and the General's Mother.

General Rosecrans is not adding much to his reputation as a general by keeping up the discussions in regard to Blaine's allusion in his eulogy to the condition of things in the Cumberland when Garfield was chief of staff to Rosecrans. Garfield knew what he was writing about when he wrote the letter to Chase, and Blaine knew what he was saying when he spoke about the Cumberland.

Mr. William B. Strong, President of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, has scored another success. The Sonora road has been purchased by Mr. Strong's company, and thereby an independent line has been secured by that marvellously successful corporation from Kansas City to the Pacific. Up to this time the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, owns the longest continuous line of railway of any company in the world. There does not seem to be any end to its conquests.

Cashier Baldwin who stole a half a million and got fourteen years in the penitentiary, has a right to complain of the sentence of Mrs. Sarah E. Howe, of Boston. This woman organized a woman's bank, without capital, and when there were over a million deposits, she failed, and the poor women lost nearly all. She was arrested, probably as a matter of form, and on Monday was sentenced to three years in the house of correction. She will make more than a hundred thousand dollars a year by going to the house of correction.

A Washington dispatch says that a petition to the President to pardon Sergeant Mason will be signed by some of the members of the court martial. "The President will probably do nothing until after Guiteau's execution. Mason takes his sentence coolly. He says his greatest sorrow is leaving his wife and child. It is expected that the counsel of Sergeant Mason will raise the point that there was a fatal error in the court martial proceedings, which will vitiate the whole trial. The error claimed is that the court and judge advocate were sworn before the prisoner was brought into court."

Judge Samuel Blatchford, who has been nominated by President Arthur for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, is 62 years of age, and at present is one of the United States Circuit Judges. When only 19 years old, he became private secretary to Governor William H. Seward, and when only 25, was made counselor of the Supreme Court of the State. He afterwards became a law partner of Governor Seward. He served for many years on the bench of the State courts in New York, and in 1867 was appointed district judge of the United States Court for the Southern District of New York, which position he still holds. He is an able lawyer and an upright judge, and will honor the high position the President has called him to fill.

It is not yet too late to mention the melancholy death of General William W. Wright, which took place in a Philadelphia prison last Friday. It was the sad closing of a bright career, and proves how powerless is the will of a great man to cope with the appetite for rum. General Wright began a brilliant career as far back as 1848, when he became a civil engineer with the Pennsylvania railway. He did some splendid work for that great company. Afterwards he did valuable services for other companies, and then went around the world studying the great fortifications and other engineering schemes of foreign countries. When the civil war broke out he was made chief engineer of the army of the Potomac, and was a particular friend of General Sherman, and commanded the engineering corps which headed Sherman's historic march to the sea. After the war he built several large bridges and other public works, and notably the Kansas and Missouri bridge at Leavenworth, and that at Atchison. He was the American engineer that accompanied the De Lesseps party to the Isthmus of Panama being chosen by Count De Lesseps himself. When the expedition returned to New York, and a grand banquet was given in honor of the canal scheme, General Wright was selected to deliver the principal address. When the noted hour came, Wright could not be found. In a short time word was brought in that the banquet hall that General Wright was in a helpless condition from intoxication. From that time he sank lower and lower, his appetite assuming supreme control of the man. On Thursday he was found drunk on a sidewalk in Philadelphia and was taken to jail where he died the next day.

GOLDEN'S LIVER'S LIQUID BEEF AND TONIC INVIGORATOR is endorsed by physicians. Ask for Golden's, take no other. Of druggists.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

A Destructive Fire Raging at Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Senator Hill Says His Life is All Behind Him.

Some New Light As to the Publication of the Garfield-Chase Letter.

A Cousin of General Sherman is Robbed in Milwaukee.

The Moonshiners Take Revenge in Tennessee and Shoot Their Man.

The Proceedings of the Wisconsin Legislature To-Day.

Other Interesting State and Miscellaneous News Items.

THE LEGISLATURE.

Special to the Gazette.

ASSEMBLY.

MADISON, March 14.—In the Assembly the joint resolution was concurred in requesting the Secretary of State to report in detail on the status of the swamp and overflowed land fund.

The bill regulating the practice of pharmacy, and the memorial to Congress asking that all lands within the limits of the State be given to the State, were concurred in.

Bills were passed submitting to a vote of the people, an amendment to the constitution providing for biennial elections.

SENATE.

In the Senate the bill passed transferring the St. Croix land grant trespass fine for the benefit of the railroad construction constituting the Omaha railroad assignee of the claim of the Air Line railroad laborers.

A bill was concurred in for a levee on Fox river at Lewiston.

FIRE RECORD.

WINNIPEG, Manitoba, March 13.—A terrible fire broke out this morning in McEneaney & Orran's grocery, on Main street, destroying that building and also those occupied by B. Wolf, milliner; J. Adams & Son, tailors; Zinkin & Co. boots and shoes; William Hunter, grocer; H. H. Taft and G. Frankfurter, grocers; E. O. Empey, furnishing goods, and M. Halle, baker. The fire is still burning.

NEW BLOOMFIELD, Pa., March 13.—The Duncannon Iron company's rolling-mill burned to-day. Loss, \$75,000; insurance \$25,000. Three hundred men are thrown out of employment.

BIDDEFORD, Me., March 13.—The Highland house and the Sea View house were burned this morning. Loss, \$90,000.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 13.—The St. Louis Distilling company's building was destroyed by fire at 1 o'clock this morning. One thousand barrels of whiskey consumed. Loss on building \$25,000, and on stock about \$100,000. Almost fully insured.

SENATOR HILL.

WASHINGTON, March 13.—Senator Hill remarked to-day to a friend who called to see him that his life was all behind him; he was sitting there and waiting for the end simply. He was easier than for some days, but without hope of permanent alleviation of his symptoms. He has had four surgical operations performed without permanent relief. The last operation was the removal of one of the parotid glands which became so inflamed as to necessitate this severe treatment. The incision refuses to heal, and it is now discharging pus constantly into the mouth. It transpires that Mr. Hill himself has indulged no hope from the fact that he lost a brother and a sister from cancer, and it is hereditary in the family. The physicians are contemplating the necessity of a fifth operation to prolong the Senator's life.

HIS REWARD.

WASHINGTON, March 13.—The President to-day appointed John Russell Young, of New York, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to China, and John G. Watta to be Marshal of the United States for the Western District of Virginia.

GARFIELD-ROSECRANS.

WASHINGTON, March 13.—It is stated in a responsible quarter that the letter written to ex-Secretary Chase by General Garfield touching General Rosecrans, recently made public, was given out by Mr. Jacob W. Schuckers. Mr. Schuckers now lives in New York city. At the time Mr. Chase was Secretary of the Treasury he lived in Ohio and was appointed from that State by Secretary Chase to a \$1,600 clerkship. Subsequently he became Mr. Chase's private secretary. It is also said he has other letters, bearing on the removal of General Rosecrans, written by ex-President Garfield, which will be made public at an early day.

AN AGREEABLE DRESSING FOR THE HAIR, that will stop its falling, has been long sought for. Parker's Hair Balsam, distinguished for its, fully supplies this want.

MOONSHINERS REVENGE.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., March 13.—A special to the American, from McMinnville, says: J. M. Davis, the celebrated raider of moonshiners, was waylaid and killed this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, about three miles from McMinnville.

Thomas Vickers, who was with Davis, says there were twenty men in the gang who did the shooting.

VENOR.

MONTRIEAL, March 13.—Mr. Venor says: "I would warn New York and the contiguous seaboard, also the Middle States and possibly Newfoundland and the maritime provinces of the approach of a storm period on the 18 and 19th of the present month, probably with heavy rains and high winds in the former section, and wind, snow, and rainfalls in the latter."

ALLEGED BLACKMAIL.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., March 13.—The notorious Mrs. Frank Smith Crocker was in court to-day on the charge of blackmailing. She was arrested for this offense about a year ago, and has been under bonds to appear. After a brief examination the court deemed it advisable to appoint a committee of medical men to investigate her mental condition, the general supposition being that she is insane. It will be remembered that she tried to shoot her stepmother, Mrs. J. B. Smith, a wealthy lady, nearly three years ago, and was acquitted on the ground of insanity. Subsequent to this came the attempt to extort hush-money from Mrs. Crosby, a niece of Alexander Mitchell and a lady of unsullied reputation.

OUT OF POCKET.

MILWAUKEE, March 13.—George P. Sherman, of this place, cousin to General Sherman, was robbed of \$700 in cash last night. The old man is a long-time resident of Milwaukee and is known by every citizen. He boarded at Colwell's, on Milwaukee street, and the cash was taken from a bureau drawer where it had been carelessly left. Sherman is almost crazed with the loss.

Short Breath.

O. Brodie, Manchester, N. Y., was troubled with asthma for eleven years. Had been obliged to sit up sometimes ten or twelve nights in succession. Found immediate relief from THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, and is now entirely cured. For sale by A. J. Roberts and Sherer & Co.

Mr. J. Marsh, Bank of Toronto, Ont., writes: "Biliousness and dyspepsia seem to have grown up with me; having been a sufferer for years, I have tried many remedies, but with no lasting result until I used your BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. They have been truly a blessing to me. I cannot speak too highly of them." Price \$1.00, trial size 10 cents. Sold by A. J. Roberts and Sherer & Co.

Mitosis.

—The entertainment by the pupils of the graded school at college chapel on Saturday evening is pronounced an unqualified success by all, except that the programme was too long. There was a crowded house and all the participants did themselves great credit. Lack of space prevents a more extended notice. The following is the programme:

Song.....Greeting Glee

Recitation.....The Maiden Martyr

Recitation.....Emma Osborn.

Recitation.....About Myself

Recitation.....Leona Sanborn.

Recitation.....A Little Boy's Speech

Dialogue.....Channing Richardson.

Dialogue.....The Little Doctor

Recitation.....Nellie Wilbur and Bertha Fross.

Song.....Falling Leaves

Recitation.....Jennie Babcock, Vena and Ben Wilbur.

Recitation.....Troublesome Neighbors

Recitation.....Lizzie Jackson. I

Recitation.....Step by Step

Recitation.....Joey Waterman.

Recitation.....The Minister

Dialogue.....Model School

Dialogue.....We'd Better Hide Away

Recitation.....Emma Osborn.

Recitation.....Farmer John

Recitation.....Eddie Babcock.

Recitation.....Any One Will Do

Recitation.....Willie Stannard.

Recitation.....Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night

Solo.....Lizzie Applebee.

Solo.....Jennie Babcock.

Concert Exercise.....Seven Times One

Recitation.....C Grade.

Recitation.....The Clock

Recitation.....Annie Jackson.

Recitation.....The Kite

Instrumental Music.....Arthur Lee.

Dialogue.....Messrs. Thompson and Hanson.

Dialogue.....Couldn't Read English

Recitation.....Be In Time

Recitation.....Welcome Wells.

Recitation.....Mona's Waters

Address.....Lulu Williams.

Dialogue.....Spelling Class

Solo.....Always Try

Recitation.....Bertha Fross.

Recitation.....All the Children

Dialogue.....Lizzie Applebee and Willie Stannard.

Solo.....The Maid of Dundee

Recitation.....May Hardy.

Recitation.....Winter

Recitation.....Nellie Wilbur.

Recitation.....All I Know

Instrumental Music.....Carle Davy.

Tableaux.....Messrs. Thompson and Hanson.

Dialogue.....A Cross and Crown

Dialogue.....Englishman and Irish

Dialogue.....George and Henry Sprague.

Recitation.....Six Little Rabbits

Song.....George Davy.

Recitation.....The Bells

Recitation.....By School.

Recitation.....Little Miss Tidy

Recitation.....Nellie Jackson.

Recitation.....Making Believe

Dialogue.....Elton Webb.

Dialogue.....The Precocious Speller

Recitation.....Willie Tompkins and Harry Look.

Recitation.....The Burning Ship

Recitation.....May Hardy.

Recitation.....The Iron Monster

Song.....Charlie Tompkins.

Song.....The Swallows Parting Song

Emma Osborn and Jennie Babcock.

Dialogue.....The Way He Managed

Recitation.....Mac Laine's Child

Dialogue.....Alice Hall

Pantomime.....Old Times

Instrumental Music.....Messrs. Hanson and Thompson.

Song and Tableau.....Good Night

—W. B. McNeil, of Stoughton, shook hands with his Milton friends last week.

—H. P. Clarke and wife, of Brodhead, were in town Saturday visiting relatives.

—Davis Bros' shipped the first of their new presses to Minneapolis, Saturday.

This machine only weighs 400 pounds, and will punch half inch holes in half inch iron and shear half inch iron five inches wide.

The second competitive drill of the college cadets took place in the college chapel on Wednesday evening before a large audience.

The following were the contestants, W. Fowle, Johnson, J. F. Ross, Thompson, Henderson, Hanson, Johnson, J. T. Van Gilder, Coon, Post, Page, Cole, Shaw, and G. O. Allen.

The competitors drilled in four squads and the judges, who were Captain Pliny Norcross, of Janesville, Captain S. M. Bond, of Stoughton, Mo., and Lieutenant F. C. Euten, of Milton Junction, selected the best drilled man from each squad.

After the drill and while the judges were figuring out the winners, a dozen or more of "Sherman's Bummers" marched into the hall to the music of a fife and drum.

They were attired in seely outfits and were accompanied by a contraband with his banjo on his back and also a fine rooster that he had jayhawked.

The company stacked their arms and made themselves at home.

While they amused the audience with patriotic and plantation songs and campfire stories, after their departure the judges announced that they had selected William Fowle, Hanson, Coon and Allen as the successful contestants.

These men were then drilled and William Fowle was awarded the championship badge, and as this was the second time that he had won the badge it now became his property.

The award seemed to give general satisfaction. Capt. Norcross was called out and made some appropriate remarks and then occurred a regular surprise party for the cadets.

The young ladies of the college and village had purchased a beautiful flag, and a delegation of their number marched into the chapel bearing the starry banner.

Miss Ella Richardson made the presentation speech in a very happy manner, and Captain Cole, of the Cadets, responded in a feeling impromptu speech.

The audience then dispersed, feeling that they had spent an enjoyable evening.

—The friends of Mrs. Mary Burrows, for many years a resident here, will be interested in the following from the annual report of the trustees of the St. Louis Home of the Friendless: "We feel that we have great reason to congratulate ourselves on having still in the place of martyr one who has shown such economy, good judgment and faithful service as Mrs. Burrows. This last year has been an especially trying one, but through all the confusion connected with the furnishing and management of the new building she has shown herself fully equal to the occasion."

The concert of the choral union did not take place on Thursday, on account of the blizzard; but despite the storm a goodly number of the friends of Prof. N. W. Williams made him a surprise party at his rooms. It was a very pleasant affair for all concerned.

—The funeral of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Plumb's infant son, Wallace, who died on the 8th inst., after a serious attack of lung fever, followed by measles, took place at the house on Fifth day afternoon, Reverends, Hullinger and Millar officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Plumb have been sorely afflicted by visits from the death angel recently and have the hearty sympathy of their many friends in their hour of sorrow.

—A change of time took effect on the St. Paul road Sunday. The Milwaukee passenger train now arrives at 8:50 a. m., and the train for Janesville leaves at 12:50.

These are the only changes that interest to the general public.

—W. S. Alexander, General Freight and Passenger agent of the St. Paul and Manitoba Rail Road Company, and T. H. Alexander agent of the St. Paul road, at Mason City, Iowa, were in town last week, called home by the illness of their father.

—Gardner Hall has been much worse for the past ten days, and fears of his death at an early day are entertained.

—Mr. Lanphere's son, who cut his foot very badly some weeks ago, is able to be about again.

TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE.

Millions of rats, mice, cats, bed-bugs, roaches, and other vermin, by collision with "Rough on Rats." Sold by druggists, 15c.

CATARH OF THE BLADDER.

Stinging, smarting, irritation of the urinary passages, diseased discharges cured by Buchu-palpa. Druggists. Depot, Prentice & Evenson, Janesville.

An Actress' Ambition.

Mrs. Sara Jewett, the actress, was asked whether she did not tire of playing the same roles. She said: "Well, it depends a great deal upon how well suited they are to me. In 'The Banker's Daughter,' for instance, having cried 300 times in as many evenings about nothing, I felt a little wearied of it, but even after a play has been running a long time, there is always an interest in watching its effect upon the audience and in the effort to preserve oneself from sinking into mechanical acting. But I know no greater satisfaction than in mastering a role which I do not like, for if I do succeed I feel as if I had gained a victory over my prejudices, and the public approve of me in the part it really strengthens my power of acting by doing well what is not to my taste."

What Is Home Without a Mother?

Miss Hortense is working a Beautiful Piece of Embroidery. It is a Motto in Green and Gold. It asks, What is Home Without a Mother. When Miss Hortense gets it Done she will give it to her Beau, who tends a Dry Goods Counter. You cannot see Miss Hortense's Mother. She is in the Back Yard doing the Weekly Washing. By and by she will be Bringing in the Coal for the Parlor Stove, because Miss Hortense's Beau is coming To-night.—Denver Tribune's Primer.

The London Lancet.

The "London Lancet" says: "Many a life has been saved by the moral courage of the sufferer, and many a life has been saved by taking SERRA'S BLOSSOM in case of bilious fever, indigestion or liver complaints." Price 50 cents, trial bottles 10 cents.

IN LOOKING

FOR HOLIDAY GOODS!

[Don't fail to call on] A. J. ROBERTS,

Corner Main and Milwaukee Streets.

For BRUSH, COMB, JEWEL and PERFUME CASES.

WORK BOXES

Ladies and Gentlemen's DRESSING CASES, COLOGNE BOTTLES, FINE PERFUMES, Hair, Cloth & Tooth Brushes, Cologne Stands.

Drugs, Medicines

And Everything in the Drug Line

At the Sign of Golden Horse Shoe.

deedly

Nervous sufferers—The Great European Remedy—Dr. J. B. Simpson's Specific Medicine.

It is a positive cure for Spasmodic, St. Mal Weakness, Impotency, and all diseases resulting from Self-Abuse, or Mental Anxiety, or Memory, Pains in Back or Side, and diseases that lead to Consumption, Insanity, and an early grave. The Specific Medicine is being used with wonderful success! Pamphlets sent free to all. Write for them and get full particulars.

Price, Specific, \$1.00 per package, or six pack ages for \$5.00. Address all orders to

J. B. SIMPSON MEDICINE CO., Nos. 104 and 106 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sold in Janesville by Frank Sherer & Co.

Sold by A. J. Roberts, and Sherer & Co.

FINE WATCHES

A SPECIALTY

Diamonds and Rich Jewelry

LATEST STYLES OF

SILVER PLATED WARE

JUST RECEIVED.

WEBB & HALL

Corner Main and Milwaukee sts.

SHEA, THE TAILOR.

Having purchased the stock, interest, etc., in the well established Tailoring business of Smith & Son, I will continue to do business at the old stand on Main street, where I hope by fair dealing

strict application to business, and a desire and ambition to excel in everything pertaining to my profession, to receive a liberal share of Public Patronage. Feel-

I AM, YOURS TRULY,

SHEA

THE TAILOR.

N. B.—A full line of staples and novelties in suitings and trousers for which I am the authorized agent kept constantly on hand.

NEW GOODS

COMING IN EVERY DAY!

A Splendid Line of Spring Hats and Neckwear Just Opened up. New Spring Styles in the Custom Department, Which We are Making Up for the Boys' Dirt Cheap.

E. T. FOOTE

Three Doors West of the Post-Office, Janesville, Wis.

NEW HATS, NEW NECKWEAR, NEW

Paint, New Ideas

EVERYTHING NEW!

AT

SMITH'S CORNER.

We are Cleaning House and Fixing up in Great Shape. We'll sell you all About it in a few days.

SMTIH & SON,

Square Dealers.

Green & Rice!

Still Keep the Lead.

PLANTATION PROVERBS.

Nebber spee' ter drabe a mule jes' by twinstin' ob his tail.
Nor to pick de lock ob Heuben wid a rusty shingle wall.
Nebber spee' yo' 'ide moments loatin' roun' a chicken roos.
'Less yo' mo' almighty aartin dat de bull-dog ain't tied loose.
Nebber spee' ter hibe de chillun wid a circus gun by.
Nor ter make a Christmas dinner offen las' year's rabbit pie.
Nebber whittle out yo' fortin' fum de empty codfish box.
Kase de chape is allus safes' wot kin stan' de hardes' knocks.
Allus out de ripes' clover wen de grass is damp wid dew.
Allus sabb de viles' sinners' bout de bes' camp-moetin' pew.
Allus gib de weaky kitten all de healthy bull-pup's kee.
Allus drap de hungry stranger in de snugger's cabin cheer.
Nebber swim across de bayou if de alligator's in.
Kase he cuts de water faster dan de smartest nigger kin.
Nebber ar de lazy darky w'en ter hoe de tater row.
W'en yer startin' out ter trabbil ride a critter wot yo' know.
Nebber rest yer winter's libin' on yer richer nabor's word.
Kase de silver-tongued bird may turn out a mookin'-bird.
Taint de dog as barks de loudest' allus makes de toughest fight.
Nor de wild cat rattles wildes' allus brings de coldest night.
Taint de forty-shillin' waistcoat kibers up de trues' heart.
Nor de lousde' color chromo talks about de fines' art.
Taint de thousan' dollar harness makes de stiddy wukin' nag.
Nor de fiddle playin' darkey puts de cake meal in de bag.
Settle all yo' little troubles 'bout de aid ob court hus law.
Or yo' 'll fin' yo' mout is holdin' mo' dan yo' kin ebber char.
Nebber eat de morrice's breakfus' till de day w'en it is due.
Kase de 'membrance ob de feastin' makes de fastin' moughty blue.
J. Russell Fisher, in N. O. Picayune.

DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

"Over and over again,
No matter which way we turn,
We always find in the book of Life
Some lesson we have to learn.
We must take our turn at the mill,
We must grind our own grain,
We must work at our task with a resolute will,
Over and over again."
—Alice Carey.
The windows were raised, the lace curtains looped lightly back, letting in the delightful air of an evening in early June. The group within were amusing themselves by observations upon the passers-by, not always as charitable as they should have been, for youth and prosperity are rarely gentle guides.
An elderly gentleman passed, from whose face not even the fond smile with which he regarded his daughter's, upturned to address him, could banish the care-worn, anxious look that had a faint, though more hidden, reflex in her own.
"Stingy things!" exclaimed Cornelia Gregg, shaking back her curls with a graceful toss which it had cost her much time and practice to acquire, "I wonder what such people do with their money, anyway?"
"Of whom are you speaking?" queried Mrs. Gregg, coming back into the conversation out of a dream of orange blossoms and wedding cake in which she was nowdays chronically plunging in consequence of the approaching bridal of her eldest daughter who, at the close of her third vigorous campaign, had succeeded in capturing a lady, some said a not too willing, subject.
"Of Mella Moore," was the reply; "we've been trying, ever since our church-benefit concert was talked of, to get her to take a part in it; she has such a magnificent voice and could help us so much, but she won't."
"Perhaps she has good reasons for refusing," suggested Aunt Rena, who was an admirer of Mella's.
"Not a shadow of one—just a mere pretense. She says she hasn't time, and can't afford the new dress that would be necessary; we all know how much truth there is in that. She isn't going to have one for graduation either, because her cousin Laura can't. I expect they'll be a disgrace to the class, though everybody knows that Mr. Moore is as rich as a Jew. Mella might make Laura a present of a dress if she has so much sympathy. I just intimated as much to her."
"Indeed! how did she receive your impertinence?" asked Aunt Rena.
"Oh, just laughed, and said she would gladly do so if it were best. Just think what a contemptible creep out! As for impertinence, we don't honor Auntie. I don't consider it such to let that sort of people see that you perfectly understand the pretenses they use to cover their niggardliness."
"There is no danger of your following their example," remarked her father, "though I can tell you if you would adopt some of Miss Moore's prudent ideas it would be so much the better for you."
Mr. Gregg arose as he spoke and left the room, as if unwilling to meet the left-behind, and provoking. As he passed out into the slow twilight, no smile, awakened by a daughter's fondness, relieved the worn look which rested upon his face, also—it seemed instead to settle into the hopeless grimace of despondency.
"Papa's getting perfectly unbearable of late," remarked Cornelia, "but I don't care its true what I said. Mella hasn't given a single party this season, and she's no good for company any more. She and Laura clique off by themselves on the pretense of studying that anybody can see is intended to deprive the new Professor—but there goes Jay Whitman. Isn't that a perfectly elegant turnout?"
So the conversation slipped away, only Aunt Rena bestowing a single thought upon the unbearable papa who had taken himself and his perplexities to the office—there to ponder, for the hundredth time, upon the problem of spending one thousand dollars of money over two thousand indebtedness. It was a time that tried business men to the utmost, and when the most prudent were not secure from failure, what could he hope for, with lavish expenditure and no outside resources.
As Gemella Moore passed up the long avenue leading to her beautiful home, a slight figure bounded toward her and a happy, girlish voice cried: "I have translated all that long, hard chapter; come up and let me read it to you."
"I'm ever so glad!" answered Mella, but first we will go in and sing for papa."
The positive voices harmonized well, and listening sometimes joining them, from his post of ease upon the sofa, Mr. Moore felt a little of the weight of the day's cares slipping away, a breath of fresher life coming back to his heart, much as a summer day traveler upon a

long, dusty way feels a thrill of relief when some green tree spreads its leafy arms between him and the burning sun, or a brooklet lingers up at him from its cool bed of pebbles. Dear old songs the girls sang, or cheerful hymns that hushed the turmoil of earth's short-to-day with Heaven's eternal rest and peace.
Late that night, while Cornelia Gregg was enjoying herself at a gay party, untroubled by any thought of the unwelcome tasks that would surely stand against her on the morrow, Gemella Moore laid aside her books, threw open the shutters, and looked out.
The moonlight lay, broad and white, upon the lawn, making the shadows under the great trees seem blacker and deeper by contrast. Mella wondered if, in like manner, it was the brightness that had hitherto lit up her life which made the shadows she now saw stealing over it appear so gloomy and forbidding. She loved her home, she knew every tree and bush, every nook where a vine grew, or a flower blossomed, or a bird's nest was hidden. She could hardly conceive of life apart from it, yet she knew that she must give it up, that soon it would be her home no longer. What wonder that tears rose to her eyes at thought of all she must so soon relinquish. No other place, however great its attractions, could ever be to her like the home of her infancy; and now she was about to exchange it for no abode of luxury, but for a humble dwelling among strangers under the cramping influences of poverty. For, though the world as yet knew it not, it must ere long discover that wealth had spread its ever-ready wings and flown away from Eldridge Moore.
At the first signs of trouble in the financial world he had begun to prepare for it. His family always accustomed to generous though not heedless expenditure, being at once informed of the change in prospects economized in every possible manner; hence the occasion of Miss Gregg's disparaging remarks. Mella and Laura, the cousin who, since her mother's death had left her desolate, had been sheltered and cherished by them, doubled their application to their studies ready to support themselves, while all vied in efforts to make the "bread-winners' few leisure moments as restful and inspiring as possible. Anxiety was not allowed to destroy their home-life; indeed, instead of there being less there was if possible more love and consideration than ever before manifested between the members of this rare family.
Yet they could but grieve as one by one Mr. Moore's efforts to avert his misfortunes proved of no avail. There were too many magnificent debtors, men who purchased beautifully in prosperous and went to destruction in disastrous times, leaving their creditors to fare as best they might. The clouds grew darker daily, there was little time to provide for the storm when it should burst. Mella shuddered as she thought how near it might be.
But the star-lit night soon began for her its restful ministry, holding out its dewy cup of refreshing, whispering of the All-seeing Eye that swept its viewless distances to seek out the tired and trustful heart—the Ear that is ever open to sorrow's cry—the Arm which is never "shortened" that it cannot save. If salvation from the threatened trouble be best; so her tears were soon dried, and, casting all her care upon the Care-Taker, she ere long found refuge in sleep.
Not very many years before, Lewis Gregg had been in the employ of Jaynes, Walthe & Co., and, being entirely trustworthy, was from time to time promoted until the head-clerkship was reached. Not long after that a fortune of a few thousands was left him, which, instead of proving as it might have done a blessing, became rather a bane.
The fact that he had married very young had been a drawback upon him, as choosing without judgment, under a spell of a pretty face (though, it must be confessed, men of mature years often make the same mistake), he found too late that his help-meet despised economy, and that the apparent amiability which had been so strong an attraction to him depended entirely upon her being gratified in every whim, no matter how unreasonable. Having been always in the most moderate circumstances, their small accession of fortune quite turned her brain. Nothing would satisfy her but her husband's quitting what she termed his menial station, and going into business on his own account. Perhaps he also felt, in a less measure, his new importance; at all events, a few months saw him the possessor of a fine new store and an immense gilt-lettered sign. With prudence at the helm, this might have succeeded, but it proved only the beginning of ventures. A house in a fashionable street at a high rent, more servants, new and costly furniture and dresses, were things which Mrs. Gregg felt indispensable to her position, and she would not be denied. So, at length, her husband decided to remonstrate and let the tide take its course, shuddering sometimes when an adverse wind brought to his ear the roar of distant breakers, but powerless to keep clear of dangerous waters. Times at first were favorable; he cherished always a vague hope that he might pull through somehow, but a growing family brought growing expenses, times grew harder, and at last, after having tried every expedient to keep it off, he found ruin staring him in the face. His stories of business pressure did him no good at home; they were treated as "more tricks to scare us, because he is too stingy to spend the money. Men always try them, but I'm not to be fooled that way!" So spoke Mrs. Gregg to her daughters, and they were but too willing to be reassured.
No wonder his thoughts were gloomy as he returned to his home. There was plenty of light there, however, and just under the chandelier a beautiful set of silver flashed it back in answering blaze, while his family were gathered around in admiring ecstasies.
"What does this mean?" he asked, sternly, and for a moment all were awed by his tone and look. Mrs. Gregg recovered first.
"Why, it is our bridal present to Kathleen; don't you think it lovely?"
"I think you will pack it up and send it back to-morrow," was the reply.
"Wooden plates and sixpenny glasses would be much more appropriate gifts from us."
"From you undoubtedly," rejoined his wife, in her coolest tones; they would equal your usual generosity; but you will please reflect, my dear, that all these are marked with my monogram, and it is quite doubtful if Silverly would be willing to receive them, even to gratify your penurious whims."
"Whims!" he repeated, furiously, "haven't I told you plainly enough for more than a year that, if we did not retrench, we should be ruined? And here, within the past three months, I've had bills enough sent in for silks and ribbons and laces and jewelry to sink a man worth five times as much as I. I tell you it must be stopped."
"I suppose," retorted Mrs. Gregg, stingingly, "that you would like your daughter married in a calico dress, with

Biddy Flynn for bridesmaid. That would, perhaps, meet your ideas!"
"A calico dress that is paid for is richer apparel than a silk which is not. But one thing is sure; this silver I cannot pay for—if you can, well and good."
"Which is a poor way of reminding me that I did not bring you any money and so am entirely dependent upon your doled-out bounty. At this rate I might as well be a poor man's wife."
"You are a poor man's wife," was the reply. "I knew of no man any poorer."
There were steps up the walk, followed by a ring at the door-bell.
"Harold Creighton's compliments," read Mrs. Gregg from the gilt-edged card, "and he hopes Miss Cornelia will accept the accompanying bouquet for the party. 'How devoted!' mused the lady, "and such magnificent flowers! That will surely be a match, and he so wealthy! You see what comes of my management!" turning triumphantly to her husband, but he was gone.
Pacing on with rapid steps, accompanied by bitter, despairing thoughts, careless whether he went or what became of him. Still on, mindless of time or place, till the moon, which had been all the while patiently climbing a ladder of gleaming clouds, stood at its top and looked brightly down upon him with no roofs and walls between. A fresh, country scent was in the air, and roses nodded at him over white palings. Whether had his unwitting feet borne him? He looked about him in a maze. Yes, it was the very same—the little house where he had dwelt in the first days of his married life, perfectly content and care-free. How happy he had been there!—more so than ever since. He would gladly now give all up and go back; but too well he knew the uselessness of such a proposal.
"No!" he murmured; "I must try this last move; if it fail, then—"
He lingered long in the dear old neighborhood. Who can tell what memories and reflections came to him there, or how they told upon the future? When he turned thence, his home was silent; his inmates wrapped in slumber; caring not, he bitterly thought, whether he ever came back.
Yet his wife had held a long and serious consultation with herself. She could not help fearing that his words had too much truth in them; but she would not draw back; the silver she could not give up; the wedding must go on as she had planned it, no matter what came afterwards. The next morning's mail took a letter with a superscription which her hand had not traced before for months.
The yard of a pleasant country-house, with flocks of lingering sunlight dimpling through the low-drooping trees. An air of general peacefulness over all, and a placid old lady quietly watching from the wide, old-fashioned porch, the progress of her husband up the walk from the gate.
"What a time it takes you!" she calls out, cheerily, as he draws near.
"True enough," he answers, in the same tone, "and I'm in a hurry, too; but we're not so young as we once were."
"Not so young, but just as happy," she answers fondly. "What have you there?"
"A letter from our Elizabeth, and I can't make it out, I must say—either what she means, or what's the good of it."
"It does seem queer-like," she remarks, after a long and careful perusal of the hurriedly-written sheet; "I can't see how she could get into any such trouble as to need to borrow money of us, rich as her husband is."
"Well," he explains, after another reading, "she says Lewis has spells when his mind seems wandering, and he fancies himself poor, and won't let her have any money; and she has made this debt, promising to pay it just now. She'll send it all back again when he gets right, you see."
"Yes, but three hundred dollars is a great deal for us. We should have to take it right out of our principal, and there ain't any too much of that, you know. And if he never gets right—sometimes they don't—what should we do if we lost it?"
"O, we couldn't. His property'd pay that much. I can't bear to deny the girl"—she would always be a girl to him.
Long the good old couple chatted over the letter, for they had not seen each other now, and in the morning the heavy draft upon their small savings went its perilous way. Great would have been their misgivings could they have followed it to its destination.
But Mrs. Gregg had no scruples. Her triumph was complete. The wedding proved as brilliant as she had planned; her present, as she had taken pains to ticket it, was admired and envied as much as even she could wish. True, there were other remarks not so pleasing, but these were not for her ears.
"Well, mother," said Mella, that night, as they chatted over the events of the evening, before retiring, "it is all over, just as nicely as can be, and we are quite as well off as though we had been dressed like Cornelia. I don't confess I felt rather plain and overshadowed at first. To tell the truth, I have felt rather badly about our dresses, all along, though I wouldn't own it; but it wasn't so dreadful after all, and I'm glad we did not yield to temptation, and buy new ones. It has taught me a good lesson."
"Yes," replied her mother, smiling, "you are much happier. You have no thought of useless extravagance to cloud the memory of your Graduation Day, or vision of unpaid bills to perplex the future."
They felt this more fully when, a few days later, Mr. Moore announced to his family that he thought it best to close up his business.
"I might keep on a little longer," he said, "but it would only be protracting the agony. I can pay every dollar if I close now."
"Then do so, my dear," responded his wife, cheerfully, "and we will consider that is best for all afterwards."
So, one fine morning the wedding learned that Mr. Moore had closed up his business, but there was little else to say, for he owed no one.
The homestead was Mrs. Moore's, and, at her request, it was sold, giving her husband means to open business, in a modest way, in the western town of Elmwayne, in whose excellent schools both Mella and her cousin obtained good positions as teachers. Their new sphere was humbler, it is true, but full of usefulness and activity, and they were happy in it and in each other.
It is later in the season; there is a party at the Greggs'. Mr. Gregg has paid no attention to the preparations for it—seems, indeed, not to have noticed them, or in fact any of the family proceedings for some time; even now, though the guests are arriving, he is at the office busy at a work that has engrossed him for days. Looking over his shoulder you would observe that he is classifying and arranging his books and papers, as men do who see their last hour approaching. The hours fly by, he needs them no more

than the gay throng in his lighted rooms. At last he has finished. It is midnight. He leaves his burning head face in cool water and settles to thought. Presently he arises, takes from his drawer a revolver, sees that it is loaded and lays it upon the table. Then, as by an impulse, he turns the gas low, opens the shutters, and looks out. There is a faint sound of far music, the moon is wandering westward through a filmy haze that makes all things seem ghostly and unreal, as if the looker-on had entered some new world and the old were drifting out of sight. The feeling grows as he gazes; some subtle, yet familiar influence seems to steal upon him; he could almost fancy the breeze brought some faint fragrance of roses that seem, somehow, to have been lately seen, yet to have faded long ago, long forgotten scenes arise before him. The years that were seem to rise up and stretch out their hands to him, crying softly, "forsoke us not, forsoke us not," the calm high-floating stars seem whispering, "patience! patience! how little is your life—the years of God are eternal."
It is long ere he seeks his desk again and writes hurriedly, as if fearful of something. Soon he lays two letters beside the revolver then he turns out the gas.
To his wife and daughter's mingled disgust and relief, Mr. Gregg did not attend their party. Their late breakfast they were accustomed to take alone, but neither did he appear at dinner. Late in the day an excited group broke open his office door, fearful of what they might find there. A revolver and two letters lay upon the table—the room was silent and empty.
One letter said to his creditors: "I had fully resolved to end a life which seemed such a failure; I had, as you see, made every arrangement to do so; but, in the end, I scarcely know how, better counsels have prevailed. I will not die a cowardly rascal, cheating my creditors of their just dues—rather will I live and labor to right the wrong which I have done them." Take all I have, and let it pay as far as it will. Every remaining indebtedness shall be canceled as fast as possible. Until I can look you all in the face and can say I owe no man I shall not return."
To his wife and daughters he wrote: "I am sorry to leave you so, but it is unavoidable. You could never consent to share the poor manner of life which will be mine until my debts are paid. As soon as I can I will send you a plain maintenance. Until then, I think you can manage by the sale of your jewelry and wardrobes."
"How cruel!" cried Cornelia, "as if we could spare any of our things!"
"It will not be necessary," remarked her mother, loftily. "Kathie's husband will take us to his home, since our natural protector has seen fit to desert us."
But that gentleman manifested no desire for such an addition to his stock of domestic bliss.
"Indeed, mamma," reported Kathleen, "I cannot get him beyond this: 'Cornelia can have a home with us, until she gets one of her own, which I hope we may manage soon; but he thinks it will be far more agreeable and proper for you to go back to Grandpa's.'"
"Back to Grandpa's! bury myself in that hole! I'll die first!"
Nevertheless, she was obliged to go, with all her discontent and rebellion, back to the "quite farm-house, back to the placid, loving old couple who, though sorely straitened, cared for and comforted her as best they could. What are the years to teach her? The wonderful years, so long, yet so swiftly flying—that heal so many wounds and bind up so many hearts, yet break so many, the years that come and go, laughing and weeping, smiling and crying, that we know not whether most to dread or long for their coming—the rainbow years whose sun shines so often through a thick rain of tears.
Ten have passed by. Cornelia Gregg has not found her position as unsalaried nursery-governess in her sister's house particularly pleasant, but her wasted opportunities leave her unable to do better. Her mother is still at the old home. The "plain maintenance" has come regularly, but with no clue to the sender's whereabouts. It is more than a year since all the debts were paid, yet still she does not come. She has hoped, watched, and prayed, for his return; for her life has shown its true face to her and she realizes her folly—yet still she is alone. The dear old father and mother have gone home to Him who will cherish them even as they did their erring, but at last repentant, child.
Alone she sits in her old porch, in the fading twilight of an autumn day. The year is dying, she thinks, and so are her hopes. The stars flicker out slowly; they are her only companions, save sad thoughts. Is that a step? She turns—it seems long to her, too, before the many figure reaches her, and she recognizes, though changed and worn, her husband. Who can describe that meeting—

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